

## The Nightmare

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Summary: (DEPRESSION AND SERIOUSLY TRIGGERING!) Crimson is a sixteen year old girl. She's been trapped in her house for 4 years. She's taken care of despite her abusive and drunk father who beats her if she doesn't listen to what she must do. But what happens when she's rescued by a few boys in a tour bus? And what happens when those mystery boys aren't... Human?

## The Nightmare

### \*\*Introduction\*\*

I ran quickly up the stairs and slammed my door closed, only to be bombarded by the face of my angry father. He stared daggers at my blue eyes.

>"What the hell are you doing up here Crimson? Get your sorry little ass down the stairs and in front of that sink and scrub those dirty dishes clean. If I don't see them clean you'll be doing that to yourself, only instead of food, you'll be cleaning dry blood." He said with a smirk. He shot me a glare with his evil eyes and trudged back down the short set of stairs. I waited until the footsteps were gone until I made my way to my window. I checked to see if it was locked, which it was. <em>'Of course,'</em> I thought to myself \_'why would they trust a sorry 16 year old?\_' After that inner conversation I made my way down the stairs to meet the eyes of my arrogant mother.

>"Your father's mad, make sure he's happy. I don't need you, or me, getting hurt." She said as she walked up the stairs with a laundry basket with clean, neatly folded clothes. I walked towards the kitchen before being stopped.<br>"Move out of the way of the TV!" he shouted. I quickly ran past him and towards the sink. I silently cried as I scrubbed the white dishes and glasses in my hands. After I was finished I looked towards the living room. My father was asleep on the couch. I walked past him and he stirred slowly opening his eyelids and staring at me with an irritated look. I quickly walked upstairs not wanting any more of what was about to happen in that conversation.

>"Get back down here you slut!" he shouted up the staircase. I ran to my room and closed the door carefully locking it before running into my bathroom. I decided to take a shower. I ran the water for it to warm up and stripped my clothes. I looked at my bare body in the mirror. I noticed every little bruise and cut on my body. Scars from previous day lined my hips and wrists. My legs were lined with purple bruises. My cheek was purple from when he slapped me the previous day. I opened my shower curtain and stepped inside. I washed my body and hair. Finally when I was done with washing myself, I grabbed my razor. I made seven cuts. One on my wrist for neglecting my duties in the household. The second on my other wrist for making my father mad. A third on my ankle for allowing myself to leave when my mother needed me. A fourth on my other ankle for allowing my mother to be scared. A fifth on my hip for being fat and a slut. A sixth on my other hip for allowing my father to get for me. And one last on my thigh to get the voice out of my head. My name is Crimson Hershel, and this is my life.<p>

End  
file.